



Oliver Cromwells
GHOST:
OR
OLD NOLL
Newly Revived.

Rows'd from Infernal Caverns void of Light,
Where Traytors Souls keep an Eternal Night;
Through the *Earths* friendly Pores at last I come
To view the Fate of mangled *Christendome*.
Treason, and Blood, Ruin, and Usurpation,
Deceit, Hypocrisie, and Devastation;
Envy, Ambition, and untam'd desire,
Still to gain more, still to be mounted higher:
Wars, Janglings, Murders, and a Thousand more
Vices like these, you know were heretofore.
The only grateful Banthings, which could find,
A kind Reception in my gloomy Mind—
—But now alas I'm chang'd— the Pondrous guilt
Of *Treason*, and the *Sacred Blood* I spilt;

A

Those

Those crouds of *Loyal Subjects* I made groan,
 Under pretence of *strickt Religion*,
 When I my self, to speak the Truth, had none:
 Too weighty for my struggling Soul did grow,
 And prest it downwards to the Shades below,
 Where it these Twenty Years has Silent lain,
 Tormented with Variety of Pain,
 Too great for fleshly Mortals to sustain.

Nor had it budg'd as yet---but that the Fame
 Of *Plots*, *Conspiracies*, and *Murders* came
 To the Infernal Gates so fast, that I,
 For others Good, forgot my Misery:
 And whilst the busie *Demons* were imploy'd
 In culling out a Bloody Regicide,
 I bilkt my Keeper, and with wondrous Pain,
 Once more I mount my Native Soyl again,
 Where to my Grief, more Villanies I view,
 Than Heav'n e're Pardon'd, or than Hell e're knew.
 Since *Lucifer's* like *Rome's* Destructive Bride,
 Both Damn'd himself, and all his Imps beside:
 Though old in Artful Wickedness I be,
 Yet *Rome*, I now Relinquish the Wall to thee:
 Thou in this single Plot, hast now done more,
 Than Mankind, helpt by Hell, could do before.

What! was thy swell'd Ambition grown so wide,
 That nought but *Kings* could satisfie thy Pride?
 Must *Monarchs*, whom the Heav'n it self do's prize,
 Now become Morsels for thy gaping Vice.
 Methought, though hot with Gluttony thou burn,
 A Pious Justice might have serv'd thy turn;
 Especially when, (to content you more)
 Spitted on's Sword, and Pickled in his Gore,

But

But now your aim we better understand,
 He was the Whet --- you gap'd for all the Land.
 Strange Cormorant! that in her Monstrous Breast,
 Could at one Meal three Butcher'd Lands digest.

Ye Powers! I thought my Countries Innocence,
 (When in fierce *Whilwinds* you had born me hence)
 And by the Pow'r of your most just Command,
 Restor'd the Scepter to the Owners hand)
 Would have sufficient bin to Wall you free
 From the Assaults of such an Enemy.
 I little thought, when last I took my leave,
 And sadly entred my unwelcome Grave,
 That e're the Porphry Idol could command
 So great a Friendship in our Native Land;
 As by that means to hope to circumvent,
 With black Design, both King and Government.

But yet take heed ye Romish Idiots,
 That have a hand in these most Hellish Plots;
 Who by your base contrivance, hope to bring
 Ruin to Nations, Death unto a King.
 Beware, I say, by my Example, do,
 For there's a God above do's all things view;
 Tho wrapt in Clouds amongst the Skies, he dwells,
 Yet he discerns you in your closest Cells;
 See's your Contrivances, and whilst you poor
 Conceipted Traytors think your selves secure,
 He your clandestine Plots does plainly view,
 And will divulge them, and their Actors too.
 Trust my Experience, one, who if you will
 Believe, what all the World says of him still,
 Had no small share of Pride, Ambition, Wit,
 Courage and Conduct too to manage it.

By which I wrought my Curst designs so high,
 I could have match'd my *Brewers Family*
 With the best Blood in *Brittain*. Right or wrong,
 Or Life or Death, attended on my Tongue:
 All the three Kingdoms truckled to my Will--
 But what of this? ---I was a Traytor still.
 Nay, so intemperate was my folly grown,
 I boldly offer'd at the Sacred Crown;
 Which though I mist, --- yet by a holy Cheat,
 At last I gain'd to fill the tott'ring Seat;
 And made Ten thousand Souldiers Arm'd, appear
 With Roaring Guns, to plead my Title there.
 Not doubting but that happy Seat should be
 Transfer'd from me to my Posteritie.

But all was insignificant, when Death
 Unkindly Robb'd me of Beloved Breath:
 My Titles all forsook me, and my Race,
 Instead of them, inherit my disgrace.

This is the Fate of Traytors here; but know,
 That could you think what they endure below,
 I'm sure you would be Loyal; but the Pope
 By prating Jesuits, has so rais'd your hope,
 That I in vain those Tortures now should tell,
 You'll know them when I meet you there---

Farewel.

R. W. D. D.

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